



Man, oh man alive! What a summer! And where did the summer go?

Since April First, when I bid farewell to my Denver friends and Spivak buddies, I covered 15,000 miles before I left Chicago in October for the West. I was twice on the East Coast and West Coast, twice into New England and Canada — around Montreal and Toronto. I covered the Northwest and Southwest and saw plenty of sights. Many were repeats, such as Yellowstone Park, Crater Lake, etc., but some sights were totally new! Garden of the Gods and Cave of the Winds in Colorado, the Kivas of the New Mexico Pueblo Indians, The Craters of the Moon in Idaho, Beartooth Mountains of Wyoming-Montana and Sangre De Cristo mountains in the Colorado-New Mexico area.

I have a weakness for colorful sunsets and sunrises. When at Spivak I saw many beauties of that nature. Colorado sunsets and rises are terrific. Many a time I gazed at it enraptured. Perhaps my appreciation for this manifestation comes from living too long in Chicago where due to the smoke and cinders the sun is always beyond a hazy curtain and the only way one can see a beautiful sunset in Chicago is if he visits a friend who had just returned from the West and has brought back some colored slides.

It was in the little town of San Luis, in Southern Colorado, when I beheld a phenomenal reflection of a sunset. I went up to view a room for the night's lodging. I glanced out through the window; looking Eastward I beheld the mountain range completely bathed in a most unusual red reflected from the setting sun behind us. It was breathtaking and beyond description. For five minutes I stood entranced not wanting to lose sight. It was with deep regret that I watched the colors fade, but they faded with grace exhibiting additional pinkish and mauve colors until the deep blue of the night enveloped everything completely. Those were the Sangre De Cristo mountains — The blood of Christ — shed upon the world to bring peace and beauty. I wondered if the local inhabitants appreciated those thralling sunsets or did they take them for granted without even bothering to cast a glance of appreciation.

The second color manifestation I saw in Burlington, Vt. My room at the Hotel Vermont faced West over lake Champlain. The sunset there took the form of a rainbow of immense width, with each section of graduating colors. Above us graduating blues, from the deep to the light and into greens to the coral-salmon-red belt, blending with the placid lake below it. It was inspiring.

Vermont, on a whole, is a very lovely state and well named (Vert — Green, Mont — Mountain. In French). Green, hilly and lovely. I wish it didn't have winters; I would have loved to live there.

The Indian Pueblos of Northern New Mexico likewise fascinated me. It was a world which seemed completely foreign to the U. S. we know and it seemed as if by a magic carpet we were brought to a land of make-believe. There I'll want to return more and more.

Leaving Yellowstone Park we took the Northwest gateway out. We were heading toward Minnesota. Unknown to us, the only way we could enter Montana was by a terrific climb over the Beartooth Mountains. Holy Cats and Bears' Teeth, was that ever a climb! 10,940 feet up. It seemed as if the road engineers wanted the people to really see the top of the world and laid out

their road so that it reached the very summit of every summit on top of each summit. The sights were terrific—if you dared look. There were mountain lakes, naval fields, waterfalls, range beyond range, and (hugh . . .) deep chasms and valleys which made the head spin and stomach turn. It's for the birds, and I'm no bird.

I've enjoyed both camps: the one in Stockton, Calif. and the one at Stokes Forest, N. J. It was wonderful to see all my friends again all of whom were so genuinely happy with my recovery and presence, and it was a pleasure to meet new friends. "Them-there" folk dancers are a wonderful tribe of people. May their tribe increase a millionfold. Then, we shall want to "study war no more" but have happy fellowships and merry times.

I rushed back to Chicago to prepare ATEITIS for a program. With my wandering around all over the Lord's creation I barely had much chance to devote to them, but when the big day arrived they presented the program with flying colors and a convincing spectacle that caused the women in the audience to weep tears of happy recollections of days and memories of youth and customs of old Lithuania. The leaving of this group behind me in Chicago will be one of my great regrets. They are a grand bunch of kids.

After two weeks in Chicago I took another spin to Canada, Toronto, where I had a session at the University and spent a pleasant half day on Ward Island. It was a wonderful homecoming. Two years earlier I left the Bromby home sicker than a po'lil pup.

From there, with the Giori's and via Buffalo, I reached the States and headed for a session in Cleveland with the Tower Folk Dancers of Mike Lamont. The next day I was in Dayton, Ohio for a two day institute with the folk dancers under the sponsorship of the City Recreation Dept. In Dayton that bunch of non-Liths headed by an Arab from Lebanon, Michael Solomon, outdid the Lithuanians with the Lithuanian atmosphere which reigned in Burkhardt Community Center. The walls were decorated with Lithuanian flags, drawings and dance figures. Both evening meals were of Lithuanian cooking while the table was decorated with twigs of Ruta (rue) and after the meals Lithuanian folk songs (in English) were sung! Terrific. They had charming Cecelia Lisankis, a Lith from Dayton, give them all the ideas and mighty helping hand. It was a job well done.

October 28th, the date I set for moving Westward, was approaching rapidly. The days were crowded. Rehearsals for the ATEITIS program of Oct. 25th, the International Square Dance deal, classes, guests, working on VILTIS . . . to do anything otherwise, such as visiting friends and relatives, seemed out of the question. My problem now is; how can I speak of my brief stay in Chicago and hope that many of my Chicago friends would not notice it and not be aware of the fact I was in this big windy city. Woe is me. But it was physically impossible to get around, particularly when one has no car and time is limited.

Tho I was anxious to leave Chicago at the same time I did it with great regret. Dirty and ugly as it is in spots and unbearable as its weather may seem. It is, nonetheless, a beautiful city and a green city of many parks, of an enchanting water front, of exquisite public buildings, a great number of museums, cultural centers and artistry and a very cosmopolitan city.

In Chicago's International House, Mark White Sq., Northwestern University Settlement House and other places, since the mid thirties, I first introduced to the general American public the ethnic type of dance which has since spread all over the country and have been ac-

cepted as for granted with out many realizing that I was the source of them. Even now the dances which I introduce on the East and West coasts are "old and ancient stuff" at the International House where I have been teaching them since 1936. My well loved Ateitis dancers, International House, relations, friends, all of these I now left behind, not for greener pastures, but for a more agreeable climate.

I bid each one of you a very joyous holiday season and a year of health, happiness, prosperity and peace of mind. May the Holy One bless you and instill good will toward all within your hearts. As usual, I will close with a "Pasimatysim" — We shall surely see each other again.

Vyts-Fin



JCRS Inspires Respect For Humanity

It is heart warming to read and to know of the work of JCRS. Some of the things of this world are so faint promoting that they give self respect to the human race.

Prof. Leona Holbrook
BYU, Provo, Utah.

Nothing But The Truth

That article you wrote "The Hospital With A Heart" was excellent. Brother, when you feel strongly about something you really know how to put it in words.

Herbert Hyman
Hartford, Conn.

From Father Dekšnys (Translation)

I congratulate you, Vyts, for starting the magazine once again, after your siege, a magazine in which Christian love is reflected and through whose pages you are sowing good seed — seeds of song and dance—bringing forth understanding among the various nationalities and races . . . Your article "JCRS the Guest House With A Heart" was excellent. Bravo! Such an institution truly should be blessed by God.

God Grant you strength.
Rev. Antanas Dekšnys
East St. Louis, Ill.

From Switzerland

I greatly appreciated the VILTIS. If that issue doesn't get subscribers, people just do not recognize a top-notch magazine when they see one. The spirit of warmth and good will that you put into your publication could not help but move even a statue. But outside of the real heart of the magazine, the content, presentation and technical details are also splendid. I, as well as many of my friends, can't but wonder at how you can accomplish so much on the technical end, when you give so wholeheartedly to the other end.

Halfdan Baadsgaard
Zurich, Switzerland

Please continue VILTIS just as you have. It is entertaining in the present form.

Stan Leszynski
Parkland, Wash.

Your magazine is wonderful and I like the "friendly, newsy, folksy" conversational form.

Rhoda Young
Parkland, Wash.

Shofar Vs Scotch Bagpipes

Your article on the Shofar is very interesting and it brought to mind something of a Scottish nature. You gave a sequence of sounds — this is given in the same way that the old Pibrock teachers taught the classical airs for the bagpipe. They had a name for each movement or set of notes, and these were chanted to the students as he played. Also, since there was no written music at that time, this was the way the tunes were passed down one generation to the next, until the battle of Culloden, that is.

George H. Matchette

San Francisco, Calif.

From Pat Parmelee

Delighted to receive VILTIS. Have read it from "Kivev to Kiver" and thoroughly enjoyed as always. Was deeply interested on your fine article on Lithuanian Song and Oance.

Pat Parmelee, International Inst.
Los Angeles, Calif.

From One Who Came From Lithuania

I sincerely thank you for VILTIS and at the same time congratulate you on your splendid article "The Lithuanian Song and Dance". I must admit that all the thoughts and knowledge about the Lithuanian folk arts, song and dance I learned from your articles in VILTIS. You describe it interestingly and in a manner as no other person could put them down. (Translated from the Lithuanian) . . .

Teodoras Chamskas
Berkely, Calif.

From "Pappy" Shaw

We enjoyed reading the magazine and are enclosing \$2.00 to keep it coming. More strength to you. You are doing splendidly,—you are no less than a miracle! . . . What a wonder your rapid cure has been! What a gorgeous spirit it bespeaks . . . I feel truly that it was mastery of spirit over flesh! You are an inspiration and a help to us all. (The Lord is my shepherd . . . VFB.)

Lloyd Shaw
Colorado Springs, Colo.

A REPORT ON THE DAYTON, OHIO, INSTITUTE

Dear Folk Dancer:

Did you get enough dancing this past weekend (Oct. 3-4)? Those of you who missed the Institute, conducted by Vyts Belaius at Burkhardt Saturday and Sunday, certainly missed a wonderful time—lots of new dances—marvelous food, authentic Lithuanian dishes prepared by Henry Lash of Oglebay fame and our own Cecelia Lisankis (and her mother, and I think Paul did his share too, what with looking for sour cream at five o'clock in the morning?), and helped tremendously in the kitchen by Margaret Solomon, Peggy Young and several members of the Folk Dance class — folk singing, led by Grace Wolff ('ven she var eighty old'), Walt Rybeck and some of our Columbus friends — and the decorations, — again Cecelia was the guiding light, but the entire class spent their Thursday night dance session cutting and pasting, hammering and thumbtacking, and you never saw such a pretty Burkhardt! — and the dancing, — I already mentioned it first, and last, and most important. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think you will all agree with me now when I repeat "Vyts is the best."

Kaye Merrill